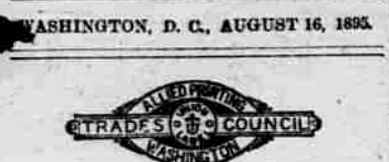


## THE TIMES: OVER 3,500 COLUMNS FOR 50 CENTS A MONTH

## The Washington Times

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"The Washington Times" is a member of the Rochdale Co-operative Society.

## TAKE THE TIMES WITH YOU.

Summer Outings Will Not Be Enjoyed Unless It Goes Along.

The summer tide of pleasure and health-seekers has set in toward mountains, seashores and elsewhere. No phase for the season's outing will be complete unless The Times is included among the necessities. Men and women may go from town to leave care behind, but those who would keep their finger on the public pulse, or be abreast of the world's happenings, or, indeed, who need a golden link between themselves and the whirligig of time—these must have The Times sent daily to their sylvan or seaside retreat.

## GRIEF OF CONTRACTORS.

The apparently absolute refusal of Messrs. Thorp & Bond, who have the contract for the construction of the city postoffice, to expend one cent, if they can avoid it, to provide safeguards against loss of life of their employees is a forcible illustration of the spirit which actuates too many, not to say a great majority, of employers of labor.

It is a new evidence that human labor is looked upon as the cheapest of purchasable commodities, and that the killing of men who risk their lives in places that are insecure counts for little in the heartless and in many ways horrible purpose of profit-making.

## LAWS HAVE BEEN ENACTED BY STATE AND NATIONAL LEGISLATURES PROVIDING FOR SAFETY APPLIANCES IN VARIOUS AND NUMEROUS DEPARTMENTS OF LABOR, BUT THEY HAVE BEEN GENERALLY IGNORED AND DEVIATED BY THE CORPORATIONS, WHICH, ALMOST WITHOUT EXCEPTION, HOLD THEMSELVES TO BE SUPERIOR TO ALL LAWS.

A few years ago a law was enacted compelling railroad companies to adopt a uniform car coupling, that workmen making up trains at night might not risk their lives by coming in contact with a strange coupler. Insofar as the Times can discover, the great corporations have taken very little interest in the matter, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has already instituted suits in many instances to compel compliance with the law.

## LABORERS IN THE RIVER.

It is not pleasing to criticize the management of river vessels, which are for the most part operated by courteous and genial gentlemen, and whose ships furnish so vast a fund of recreation for citizens of Washington and their visitors, but it must nevertheless be said with emphasis that it is the duty of some one to put a stop to reckless racing, almost disastrous infractions of the laws which are intended to govern the course of steamers, and the selling of liquor to sailors or to persons who are already intoxicated.

## THIS CRIMINAL SALE OF LIQUOR NEARLY PRODUCED A RIA ON A CROWDED VESSEL THE OTHER DAY, AND, IN FACT, QUOTED DECENT PASSENGERS ARE PAINED AND ENBARRED BY THE OPEN MISCONDUCT OF UNMANNERED PASSENGERS.

A series of such abuses which have recently been reported reached its climax yesterday in the action of the steamer Peutz in crossing the course of the City of Richmond, escaping a disastrous collision by a fearfully narrow margin, as exclusively published in The Times this morning. It was a criminal recklessness, not only to those who are responsible for it, but to hundreds of passengers upon both vessels.

## WHILE THE PEUTZ'S OFFICERS TREATED THE MATTER WITH INDIFFERENCE, AND DENY THAT THERE WAS ANY DANGER OF COLLISION, THEORIES TOLD BY PASSENGERS CONTRADICT THEM, AND SHOW CLEARLY THAT ONLY A PROMPT AND VIGOROUS REPLY TO THE RICHMOND'S ENGINES PREVENTED A TERRIBLE DISASTER.

## PEOPLE DO NOT PAY THEIR MONEY TO THESE COMPANIES TO HAVE THEIR EYES AND EARS OFFENDED BY VULGAR AND INSULTING CREATURES, NOR TO HAVE THEIR LIVES PLACED IN JEOPARDY BY RECKLESS MANIPULATION OF VESSELS.

## LET THEM COME HERE.

The free silver advocates who have just concluded a season of close communion in this city appear to be especially incensed at the administration, charging that it is owned by and tattered by the goldbugs.

If this be true, it must seem to most people that a poor way to effect their conversion is to hold secret sessions. The brilliant lights of the party should have been the big bonfire of a public debate, and in every stage and manner put their opinions and their personal popularity at issue before the public and the officials they so soundly castigate.

## THIS CONVENTION IS ENDED, HOWEVER, AND ITS MISDEEDS ARE REMENDED, POSSIBLY, BY A CONCLUSION TO HOLD THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF NEXT YEAR AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL, THE PROPER PLACE IN THE COUNTRY FOR THE HOLDING OF ALL CONVENTIONS.

## LET THE SILVERITES, WITH THEIR VAST AG-

gregation of oratorical talent, come to Washington next year when the winter of everybody's discontent is turned to glorious summer, when mankind is in mood most receptive, when Congress, with all its crooks, is in session, when the President's fishing rod is yet inactive, and when members of the Cabinet are not journeying or junketing, and concentrate their spellbinding and hypnotic forces upon the gaudy work-shippers at close range.

The shortest road to victory is to boldly rush into the camp of the enemy, take it by storm, and surround, and capture, and coerce into submission the great captain.

## INDIANS INDIGNANT.

That meeting in grand and solemn council of 700 Bannock and Shoshone "bucks," reported in our telegraphic columns to-day, suggests that very little urging would be required to induce those braves to take the warpath in earnest and avenge the dastardly killing of several of their brethren by white settlers.

The public have been led to expect that steps had been taken to effect the arrest and punishment of the murderous white settlers, but it appears from the action of the Indians that nothing has been done and that they do not expect that further justice will be taken of the matter by the Government authorities.

Even if this be untrue, the impression is a bad one to go abroad among the Indians, and no one need be surprised if the braves make a sudden descent some night upon the settlements and effectually avenge the murder of their brethren.

## PRESIDENT PHILLIPS AGAIN.

The Metropolitan Street Railroad Company has an ideal president in Mr. Phillips. He cares nothing for his promise to the company's employees, that he would retain the old force upon the motor cars, and dismisses faithful and experienced servants, merely to get out of the force members of the union. He cannot forget the declamatory strike organized by the union some months ago upon the Metropolitan line. The ideal president can neither forget nor forgive a victory like that gained by the men on that occasion.

Mr. Phillips, in other words, is an ideal president for a corporation which looks upon itself as being superior to all law. Because the Times has told the truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to his performances, he invites a reporter who politely asks him for a statement.

This is quite proper, admirable and characteristic in the ideal president. Courtesy to public critics would not be fitting in him. But, while invaluable franchises are given away to corporations who immediately begin to defy the law and abuse the public and its newspaper champions, just such men will be in demand for the most responsible positions.

## SIBLEY AND SILVER.

That was a rather sinister compliment which was paid to his free coinage friends by Hon. J. C. Sibley yesterday in his Raleigh speech, when he asserted there were 9,000,000 voters in the United States who believed with him in regard to silver, but that their enormous force was dissipated by partisanship.

It is a poor compliment to the intelligence and honesty of the 9,000,000, when only a handful can be found, who, like the brilliant Mr. Sibley, have the courage of their convictions, and are willing to cast aside all affection for the old parties and vote as they think.

Possibly, however, Mr. Sibley may be deceived both as to the quantity of voters and the quality of their convictions. It is quite probable that only a small portion of the 9,000,000 are really convinced that the free coinage of silver would be of substantial benefit to this country and the world, but are merely using the white metal as a medium through which to express their discontent with conditions that are unsatisfactory, but for which they cannot devise a plain and unmistakable remedy.

Nothing is clearer, however, than that the political and social economist must dig far deeper than veins of silver lie before he reaches a solution of those problems which are now vexing the minds of so many students of human affairs. Until such solution is made plain, the growlers may as well fool with the silver as with any other question.

## IN CORBETT'S CASE THE DIVORCE DECREE COULD FURNISH FORTH THE MARRIAGE SUPPER.

Contractors who show no consideration for life or limb of workmen should, as their least punishment, never be awarded another Government contract.

As Mr. Hill, of Missouri, the fiery silverite, has thanked God that he is not Mr. Hill, of New York, it would now be interesting to know how Mr. Hill, of New York, feels about it.

While President Cleveland was being denounced as perfidious, traitorous, and generally Judas Iscariot, in the silver convention yesterday, he was comfortably sailing his steam yacht upon Buzzard Bay, not caring whether school was being kept or not.

A good subject for the cartoonist was suggested yesterday in the silver convention by Hill, of Missouri, when he declared that Cleveland and Carlisle would "go down the lanes of oblivion hand in hand amid cries of indignation from the people."

Lanes of oblivion offer a splendid opportunity for artistic, impressionistic exploits.

That mayor of Dallas, who is a paragon of virtue, according to his own description of himself, is enthusiastically in favor of "pulling off" the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Texas because it will fetch a great crowd of visitors to the State. Doubtless he is correct. Even a dog fight draws a larger crowd than a sermon does. The management of the Atlanta Exposition, who have so nicely estimated the drawing qualities of a full fight, should shake hands with the virtuous Dallas mayor.

## TEA AND BEER.

Sir Wilfred Lawson is not often "cold," but a story now going the rounds shows that sometimes he meets with one who is more than his match. Espying a laborer one day walking along with his old family black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him. After pointing out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, Sir Wilfred earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents. The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road. Sir Wilfred's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man a silver piece, he said, "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man, to the disgust of Sir Wilfred, entered a public house and spent the sixpence in beer. The liquor he had thrown away was cold tea. —Western Gazette.

## Gossip of the Day.

"Do you know there is one thing about Washington that strikes me as queer?" remarked a Boston visitor to a Times reporter. "I've been here now about a week, and nearly every evening have sought refuge from the heat of the day in the river front, and I cannot help but notice the absence of yachts. There are a few little sloops and some small craft moored in the stream, but they are a mere handful. Why, it seems to me, that this ought to be a great yachting town. You have a beautiful stretch of river, big and broad a few miles down, and only a short way from the Chesapeake. In fact, with the exception of those cities located immediately upon the seaboard, I know of no place where there are better facilities for the sport. Instead of that it is apparently almost entirely lacking."

"You haven't a naval militia either, have you?" The Times man acknowledged that. "Ah, that's a pity, a great pity. Why, right here, at the foot of government, with a navy yard and naval officers by the dozen just waiting for something to do, this is the town above all which should set an example in that line of the militia, which, by the way, is going to be a big thing some of these days. The Times had better start a naval reserve corps and add to the reputation which the National Guard of the District already enjoys."

"Sheriff Palmer has a grievance against The Times," was a comment made yesterday. "He says he never has a chance to make an arrest, for the reason that The Times always gives warning to the violators of law by publishing their misdeeds a day in advance of his arrangements to pull them in."

"Why don't he arrange to be a day in advance of The Times?" was asked. "Give it up."

The example of wearing rubber soled shoes, which has been set by the police, has been followed by almost all the policemen on the force, and now after 12 o'clock the men glide around like phantoms. The shoes are canvas topped with corrugated rubber soles, and cost the men about 75 cents a pair.

The men's feet after they have been tramping around in heavy shoes, and besides they enable the wearer to approach any night prowler without being heard. Then, too, they add the copper to the vigilant watchfulness of "Chief Isaac," and many a "sneaker" owes his escape to the rubber shoes.

For almost a century, boats of all description, in traveling on the Potomac River, have told their bells while passing Mount Vernon. This beautiful custom was inaugurated soon after the death of the Father of His Country, and has been religiously kept up. Almost a hundred years have now elapsed, and the bells still toll, and when centuries have rolled by, or as long as the Potomac is a navigable river, the custom will be followed. Even the careless, jolly crowds on the excursion boats hush their laughter and the frivolous vessels sound the toll of respect to what Mount Vernon holds, the clay of Washington.

"There's a class of sharks in town that ought to have the attention of The Times," said Col. Perry Carson. "The people I refer to are colored, and make a business of collecting for churches and public meetings, and for expenses of the church societies, with the intention of pocketing the bulk of the proceeds."

"I know people who quit work a year, and even two years ago, to go into that business. They go about in better clothes than they use at home, and seem to be living like bloated capitalists, and seem to be living like bloated capitalists and seem to be living like bloated capitalists."

The churches ought to take hold of the fellows. They ought to have a better system of collecting, and arrange for identifying every body who says he is authorized to get money for them."

There is not the slightest indication that the labors of the food-killer will be completed in the immediate future. In fact, it appears that the sphere of his duties is each day widening. A Washington gentleman tells the story of a friend of his, a lady, who came to grief all because the annihilator of idiots let one subject go unharmed. The lady kept a boarding house in the northwest quarter of the city. The unduly fond was her star boarder.

The lady sat by the window of her parlour one morning cleaning a pair of white kid gloves with benzine. The star boarder entered the room smoking a cigar and took a seat opposite his landlady. His trained eye saw the possibility for a joke. After giving his friend warning that he intended to throw a lighted cigar into her dress, he ignited the benzine and tossed it toward her. An explosion, of course, followed. When the pair had succeeded in extinguishing the flames it was seen that the lady's hands were badly burned. A week passed and no relief could be found. All of her boarders, including the stellar lunatic, left her because she could not attend to the household duties. The lady is just now recovering the use of her hands and the star boarder is diligently seeking new fields wherein to display the gifts that in him lie.

## What Editors Think.

Nothing could be more sacred in the olden days than the family hearthstone and the family altar. But in New York city, in these degenerate times, the most precious of all family belongings appears to be the family beer pitcher. —Cleveland Press.

For the sake of the Republican party, not merely in New York, but in the United States, it is to be hoped that Platt, strongly entrenched though he is, will be overthrown this year. There is no hope of permanent success in New York if that is not done. —Chicago Tribune.

There are a few calamity howlers and pessimists left, but they are Republicans and 16 to 1 free coinage Democrats. Both of these classes are experimenters, and their stock in trade is chiefly made up of disasters, depressions and business troubles. When these exist the demand for a change catches many who otherwise would stop and think. But for several years the life has been against the calamity howlers, and they are all now being exposed. That feeling seems to be monopolized by our professional warriors, who are always on the lookout for war. —Boston Herald.

On the whole, it strikes us that the two favorite Republican songs of the East—Morton and Reed—are not making much headway. Morton's own state is for him only in a nominal sense, and Reed's own section is plainly not going to give him undivided support. Meanwhile, while McKinley is making more noise than anybody else on the Republican side in the West, there are many indications that Allison and Harrison are both losing ground, and New England, where there are strong Republican influences at work all the time, favors the nomination of either the Iowa or the ex-President in preference to either Reed or McKinley. —Baltimore Sun.

The California jury system, whereby fourteen jurors are sworn in order that there may be "spares" in case of sickness or other incapacity on the part of anybody in the regular panel, is an improvement on our system, which necessitates the loss of all the time spent in a trial if at any stage of it a juror becomes disabled. It would seem, however, as if an equally good result might be reached with less circumspection. Why should we cling to the number twelve as if it had some special sanctity in the jury box? Why is twelve any better than ten or nine? Why would it not improve the system to provide, for instance, that while twelve men shall be sworn, a verdict by nine of the twelve shall be conclusive, whether the shortage is occasioned by disagreement on the part of three or the disability of any one or more of them? —Detroit Free Press.

Walton Matlocks, a wealthy lawyer of Chicago, dropped dead at the Calumet Club, in that city, yesterday. He had complained of feeling badly for the past two or three days. He was forty years old and a bachelor.

John M. Butler, of Indianapolis, is reported critically ill at Newport. Mr. Butler is one of the best known lawyers in Indiana, and was a partner of the late United States Senator McDonald.

Miss Cassin-Power, has organized a crusade against the use of birds' breasts and wings for decorative purposes.

E. E. Kessler, of Richmond, Ind., claims to have been the youngest private soldier in the war. He enlisted in Company B, Sixty-eighth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry, at Napoleon, Ohio, in September, 1861, at the age of less than thirteen years, and served three years and nine months as a private soldier.

The youngest member of the new House of Commons is Viscount Milton, who is only twenty-three.

Capt. Thomas L. Henry, the once noted guerrilla, of Kentucky, will soon become a preacher.

Alfred de Musset's sister refuses to have any of his works in her possession published as she says they will not add to his fame as a poet. She likewise refuses to let his letters be seen, among which is the correspondence between the poet and George Sand.

Archbishop Ireland is the only archbishop who wears the button of the Loyal Legion.

With the death of James Bann the noble race of Shinnecock Indians ends. The old man died with his face to the sun, which, as he lied, rose over the Shinnecock hills on Long Island, the ancient home of his once powerful race.

The late Gen. Frank Wolford was a picturesque survivor of the old-time Kentuckian. It has been said of him that he was a cross between Davy Crockett and Bishop Doane, and while he said "war" and "war" and "war" (for points) and "war," he knew the Bible almost by heart. Once, when asked at Chamberlain's what dishes he preferred to choose from the elaborate bill of fare, he replied: "Drap dumplings and a boiled hen."

In Bulgaria the late M. Stamboloff ranked among the first orators and could talk excellently in French, Russian, Turkish and Roumanian. All of these were entirely self-taught, and though his French might occasionally be faulty in grammar, his fluency and force of expression in that tongue were remarkable. His tastes and interests were wide, and he often regretted that he had not had more leisure to cultivate them.

Said to Be Funny.

She (reproachfully)—You said you would die for me.  
He (stiffly)—I was referring to my whiskers, madam. —Detroit Free Press.

Cholly Chumpey—I see that earrings are coming into fashion again. Have your ears ever been bored?  
Miss Canstle—What a question! Haven't I often listened to your twaddle? —Syracuse Post.

## Sent from Washington.

Postmaster-General Wilson, when asked if he had been tendered the associate justiceship, smiled and said:  
"I notice that Mr. Justice Field, of California, has been kind enough to mention my name among four persons from whom the President will be likely to make the appointment of the next associate justice. I am inclined to think that the suggestion of Justice Field will not be very influential at the White House."

The irony in this suggestion will be understood by those who know how very strongly opposed to the Cleveland administration Justice Field has been, and with what tenacity he is holding to his seat and to life to the hope that he may be able to make it impossible for President Cleveland to appoint his successor. —E. B. Wright, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Ex-Senator Ransom, minister to Mexico, has been in the city to confer further with the State Department as to the possibility of extending his leave. He came quietly from the North Carolina mountains, where he has been seeking to restore his health. Under the regulations of the State Department he will not be able to leave his extended more than thirty days, or a total of ninety days. After the expiration of that period, unless he shall induce the administration to defy law and precedent, he will be compelled to return to his post. His physical appearance does not indicate that he will be able within the time of his leave to go to Mexico. Many of his friends believe that he will not be able to live in the high altitude of Mexico. He is afflicted with heart disease or asthma, or both. During the last session of Congress he was twice stricken in the Senate in such a manner as to cause the gravest apprehension. On one occasion it was with difficulty that he was revived. —J. S. Shriver in Cincinnati Times-Star.

During the past six months at least a score of men have been suggested as possible Presidential or Vice-Presidential candidates, both Republicans and Democrats, who would be ineligible for the office. The Congressional Directory states that "John P. Jones, of Gold Hill, Nev., was born in Herfordshire, England in 1839."

Whether he was a year old or a day old when he left England is a fact that he is of foreign birth is sufficient to disqualify him for the high office of President. In the case of ex-Speaker Cripps it is different. Although born in England his parents were American citizens, and such an ancestry is not a bar to his eligibility in the Constitution. Another man who has been frequently discussed for second place on the Republican ticket is Senator McMillan, of Michigan. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and is consequently not eligible for the office of President.

There are a number of other men quite prominent in the last Congress who might perhaps be looked upon as Vice-Presidential possibilities. Congressman McManis, of Ohio, is a very popular man among laboring classes, but was born in Ireland. Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, is another man of considerable ability, but was born in Scotland. Wendock, of Michigan, who championed the cause of Catholic schools, was born in Ireland. Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, happens to have been born in Hamilton, Ontario. Senator Foss, of Florida, is also of foreign birth. —J. S. Van Antwerp, in Indianapolis Journal.

I asked Hoke Smith to-day if the Georgia negroes favored free silver. He replied: "I am not one of them and question when I was down there last week. He scratched his woolly head and said:  
"Wal, Mars' Smif, I did favor free silver, snab's you's'n, little while ago. But since you's been in de State, Mars' Smif, de 'taters an' ag-ow-ry' and de 'possum plenty' plenty. An' I tell you what 'tis, Mars' Smif, gib dis here niggah plenty 'possum and 'taters, an' yum, yum! get up, chile an' sing hallelujah! I doan' want no free silver. 'Possum an' 'taters an' free gool am good nuff for me!" —Columbus Gardner, in Chicago Evening Journal.

Odd Marriage Customs.

In Sweden and Norway the bride is dressed in her wedding garments, placed in the middle of the room and surrounded by lighted candles. Her friends walk around her and make all the uncomplimentary remarks of which they can think. Finally every one is ordered out of the room, the ceremony is performed and a procession escorts the couple to their new home, every one carrying a candle.

Marriage fetes in Finland are often prolonged for several days, even among people of humble rank. The Finnish youth never "pops the question" himself to the girl of his choice. The proposal is made through a third person, called the "vaiman," to whom the happy couple give a present when his mediation, proving successful, ends in a wedding. Not uncommonly the gift takes the form of a shirt, while the clergyman who presides receives a underchief and a pair of warm fur gloves.

In certain parts of Holland when a young man thinks he loves a girl he asks her for a match to light his cigar at the door of the beloved one's home. This is done to let the parents know that something is intended, and if the visit is repeated and the same thing occurs no doubt is left in the mind of the parents and they proceed to investigate the young man's character and antecedents. When he has a third time they are prepared to give him an answer. If his suit is looked upon with favor he is for the first time invited inside and given a match. If refused he produces his own match, lights his cigar and walks away.

If You Would Be Beautiful.

Those impolite organs, the lungs, liver, kidneys and alimentary canal, must be kept in free working order daily, not by medicines, but by compliance with natural laws.

Wrinkles are caused by the loss of the natural moisture of the skin which feeds the tissues over night, as dew feeds flower petals; by the loss of the thin tissue-like layer of fat beneath the skin; by loss of nerve force and lack of nutrition.

Bread eaten before it is twenty-four hours old is responsible—on account of the fermentation it keeps up—for anaemia, consumption, pneumonia, influenza, gastric ulcer, tumor and cancer. A fine-grained complexion may be kept by avoiding fresh yeast bread and white bread.

The finest cosmetic for warding off wrinkles is water. Hot water and soap, warm damask towel, a tiff of cold cream gently massaged in for night, warm water and a cold dash of salt water follow in the morning.

Holding the head up and keeping the shoulder-blades flat prevent ugly folds in the throat.

When you feel bilious drink hot-moonade three times a day. If you cannot sleep put three teaspoonfuls of whisky in a hot moonade before retiring.

There will be features of especial interest to you in next Sunday's Times.

Experience Teaches.

Tailor (measuring customer)—Are you married or single?  
Customer—"I have been married a few months."

"Then you want a secret pocket in the lining of your vest?"  
"What for?"

"That shows how short a time you have been married. You will need a place to put a little change where your wife can't find it. You see, I'm a married man myself." —Texas Sittings.

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## Variegated Chats.

It is well known that the Briton's appreciation of American humor is not marked by any great amount of keenness, a case in point occurring at the Rittenhouse Club the other day, says the Philadelphia Record. There is a young Englishman stopping in Philadelphia, who makes his headquarters there. "Take me a morning, he overheard one of the members ask another how he felt. "Oh, out of sight," was the response. The Englishman made a mental note of this, and determined to get it off himself at the first opportunity. The next day he met a friend, who offered the usual salutation. "The Englishman's face broadened into a grin. Striking an attitude, he exclaimed: "Oh, you can't see me, old chap, you can't see me!"

The Lion once summoned his counselors, the Ass, the Fox, and the Monkey, and inquired what reform was most urgent in the Animal Kingdom.

"I suggest," said the Monkey, with a wise smile, "that your Majesty eat all the young lions—their morals are not what they should be."

"And I," quoth the Fox, "would eat the sheep as well, for 'tis they that eat the bad example."

Then the Ass, in his fool's cap and bells, said, "Take my advice, O King, and eat only the fat ones; the lean may even go free, but their morals are good or bad."

At this the Lion roared with delight, saying, "Verily in the month of an Ass is wisdom. But what, gentle unicorn," he added, "shall we call this reform?"

"Forsooth," answered the Ass, "we will call it a graduated tax!" —Fall Mail Gazette.

That a tender heart often lies beneath a rugged coat was well illustrated by a little incident which attracted the attention of a number of pedestrians near Twentieth street and Montgomery avenue, yesterday morning, says a Philadelphia paper. A happy lot was crossing Montgomery avenue, with a tri-colored penny cake trailing behind, when the string broke and the child fell in the middle of the street. The child was about to return in order to pick it up, but feared to run the risk of being run over by a catamaran—a high-wheeled truck used to haul stone—which was coming down the avenue, drawn by the long line of thirteen horses, and carrying a block of stone weighing perhaps five tons. The driver, a big, rough Irishman, noticed the child's dilemma, and, thinking perhaps of a little one of his own, halted the cavalcade, and beckoned to the youngster to pick up the precious kite. Still the child hesitated, seeing which, the driver left his horses and handed the toy to its owner. The bystanders smiled, the child laughed and the Irishman shouted, "Git up!"

W. W. Scott came near being bitten by a rattlesnake last week while on his way to the forest to chop some wood, says the Dahlonega (Ga.) Signal. Just as he went to cross a rail fence he happened to look down before he placed his foot on the opposite side. That he had done so he would soon have rested on a big four-foot rattlesnake. To say that Bill was scared doesn't express it. He jumped back crossed the fence at another place, and with a stroke that would have killed an elephant severed his head from its body, burying the head deep into the ground. It has since been a change in Bill. Next Sunday he was at the church-house long before anybody else arrived, and when the minister appeared and finished his sermon Bill didn't wait until the contribution basket was presented to him, but went up voluntarily and gave freely for the support of the ministerial cause.

Notwithstanding Uncle Charlie Besser is 55 years of age, he is always up and doing when any thing comes forward which he thinks will benefit the town, according to the Atlanta Constitution. He was the first one to subscribe anything to the Dahlonega Railroad—\$500. The old gentleman is very much enthused over the matter, and says that he feels like he will live long enough to ride on that road yet.

At times the children and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Harris met old people and spent a very pleasant day. There were forty-seven children and grandchildren on hand, and as there was a traveling artist present, the whole group was photographed. Uncle Newton Harris has seen his three score and ten, but is stout and jolly and can do more hard work than half the young men of 25.

A veteran, who testifies that his age is 105, has applied to the State for a pension, under the indigent pension act. He is W. A. Kilpatrick, and his home is in Bartow County.

There are three negroes in Lee County whose combined ages aggregate 310 years.

From Over the Ocean.

Well Matured.—"This is really excellent old wine."

"Old! I should think it was! The fact is, I have been owing the wine merchant the account for it about seventeen years." —Overlander Bote.